

MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE

IN SESSION BUT A SHORT
WHILE.

SENATE BILL IS PASSED

On Third Reading in the House by a vote of 108 to 0—Secretary and Treasurer Levee Board to Furnish Personal Bond.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 20.—The house of representatives of the Mississippi legislature convened this afternoon. No important business was transacted. Van B. Boddie, of Washington county called up the senate bill to abolish the office of a cotton tax collector of the Mississippi levee board, which bill on its third reading, was passed by a vote of 108 to 0. This bill also changes the law to permit the secretary and treasurer of the board to furnish his own personal bond.

In the morning the house will vote for John Sharp Williams for senator from Mississippi, and will then adjourn for the inauguration.

The senate held a morning session only. As-Lieut. Gov. James Carter delivered a farewell address, and the incoming officer, Hon. Luther Monship, made a speech. An ovation was accorded E. H. Moore, when he appeared on the floor.

FAMOUS DUEL

Between Gen Jackson and Charles Dickinson

This duel with young Dickinson was no more or less than the least chapter in a conspiracy to kill Jackson and only failed because he killed Dickinson. At his boarding house Jackson became acquainted with a beautiful young woman, his landlady's daughter. She was married to a drunken husband, whose habits was to fill up on corn whiskey and beat his wife. His name was Roberts. At last he went to Kentucky and after quite a long time had passed came the news he had gotten a divorce from his wife.

Being satisfied such was the case, the general and Mrs. Roberts were married, and after living most happily for over four months, the news came from the land of the blue grass that Roberts had only gotten his divorce then. So the general and his wife were married the second time. The world readily said and admitted this was all right. But Jackson, fearing trouble might come, spent his last dollar in purchasing a brace of splendid pistols, and openly stated they would be used on the first man who cast any reflections on the stain less reputation of his wife.

These pistols he had when he died. The only one he ever used was the one he killed Dickinson with. Dickinson was a young lawyer at Nashville and was as handsome as any man in the state, and was regarded as the best pistol shot in America. Jackson's popularity caused him to be hated in certain quarters and his political enemies resolved he should die. The question was how could they get him to fight. One would not suppose that was not at all difficult. They decided to do this by stabbing the honor of his wife.

Dickinson was willing for his foul part to kill Jackson. To a man of his stripe it appeared a romantic and, honorable adventure. So he put himself forward at the Nashville race meeting. Jackson owned a horse at that race and it beat its opponent badly. Mrs Jackson was there and being delighted, exclaimed to some friends: "our horse is running away from them!" Dickinson, being near, said: "Yes, and about as the owner of the horse ran away with another man's wife."

Nashville's whole race course heard the insult. The public opened but two gates to the situation. One was, Jackson had to fight and face certain death; the other opened for cowardice, contempt and ostracism. He did not fight Dickinson for nearly one year—and looked into the grave for that length of time. He was bound to fight and fully expected to be killed. His two purposes were to so arrange his matters as to give his wife a competence, and to kill Dickinson while he died himself. He called to him Maj. Overton, an old friend and Indian fighter. Each looked at the insult as a plot. The duel was to come off in Kentucky.

Dickinson and his friends were in the advance, and when they halted for any purpose Dickinson would do some hair-line work with his pistol and leave the gaping ruralists to point it to Jackson and Overton. This was intended to break Jackson's nerve. It might have provoked a gloomy thought or two to travel all day along a road which every mile or two produced some tack head proofs of the skill of the gentleman who was to fire at you the next morning, but if it affected Jackson he never showed it.

In most duels, after the principals were given the weapons the was asked: "Gentlemen, are you ready," and when they answered they were, the command was given, "Aim, fire, one, two three, halt!" You could not fire after the word "halt" for it ou did your opponent's second had the right to shoot you down. Maj. Overton, knowing his friends had but one chance and that was to be given his time, had it understood that they could fire at will. To this the second of Dickinson agreed.

They were to fire at ten paces. The ground was measured and the pegs driven. The men were to toss these pegs. Dickinson laughed and elated with his friends and told them which of Jackson's buttons he would hit. He thought it was over Jackson's indomitable heart. He felt certain of killing him, but he was mistaken. The general had still to whip Packenham at New Orleans, and battle for two presidencies with Henry Clay.

Overton won the word. The men tossed the pegs, Jackson grim, Dickinson, confident. The word was given, "Fire!" With the quickness of lightning Dickinson raised his pistol and fired. His bullet struck the button he had selected, breaking two of the general's ribs and glanced off. He stood like a tree; not a muscle of his face moved. "My God, I have missed him," exclaimed Dickinson, and the horror of the fact caused him to step back from his peg.

"Stand back to your place, sir," ordered Overton as he covered him with his own prompt pistol. Dickinson obeyed. The general's pistol was caught at the half cock. He recoiled it with his thumb without lowering or losing his aim. He fired and Dickinson fell, dying that day. Jackson said: "I would have killed him if he had shot me through the heart."

Jackson was noticed to put something in his mouth when he stepped up to fight. They thought it was tobacco, but it was a bullet. Sam Houston had told him to put a bullet in his mouth before firing and bite into it hard with his back teeth and it would steady his nerves like a rock. Returning the general and his friends stopped at a tavern house to get breakfast. The general asked Overton to pull off his boots and after doing so found it was very very bloody. With much anxiety he asked the general why he had not told him that he was wounded. His answer was that he did not want Dickinson to carry the news to hell that he had struck him.

W. J. Smith.

COMES BACK TO LIFE

AFTER BEING LYNCHED AND
RIDDLED WITH BULLETS
DOES THIS NEGRO.

Dothan, Alabama, Jan. 20.—A great sensation has been sprung here and a great amount of excitement in what the leaders of an infuriated mob thought was a first class lynching. A mob gathered last night at Cleveland, Franklin county and a negro charged with a heinous crime was taken from the jail and strung up. The crowd then proceeded to riddle the body with bullets and after the mob had dispersed and everything was quiet the body of the supposed dead negro was left hanging to the pole as a warning for other negroes to be good.

The sheriff was notified this morning of the negro's body hanging to a pole and he and his deputies immediately went to the scene, cut the body down and placed in a wagon and hauled back to the jail. When looking at the body the sheriff discovered signs of life after the body had been hanging all night and seemingly riddled with bullets and hastily summoned a physician. The doctor administered to the wounded man and after a short while he began to see the effects of his treatment in that the negro partially regained consciousness. It is now believed the negro will recover from the ordeal.

STATE OFFICERS ARE SWORN IN

FEW ARE RETIRED TO PRIVATE LIFE

ALL HAVE MADE THEIR BONDS

Less Moving Around at the State House Owing to the Fact That Nearly All of the Officials Were Re-Elected—List of Officials.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 20.—All of Mississippi's new state officials, excepting the governor, took the oath of office this morning and have entered upon the discharge of their respective duties.

The change of administration will be completed at the hour of noon Tuesday, when Gov. Vardaman surrenders the reins of government to Gov.-elect Edmon F. Noel.

There were no formalities of any sort connected with the administrative changes today.

The new state offices are those who were re-elected for four year terms, went separately before the clerk of the supreme court or members of the supreme bench, took the oath of office, and immediately thereafter entered upon the discharge of their respective duties.

There was less moving around at the statehouse incidentally to the change of administration than ever before in the state's history, owing to the large number of officials who were elected to succeed themselves in office.

The complete list of officers who took the oath today is as follows: Lieutenant—Governor—Luther Manship.

Attorney-Gen.—R. V. Fletcher. Sec. of State—Joseph W. Power. Sup. of Education—Joseph N. Powers.

Treasurer—Geo. E. Edwards, Jr. Clerk Supreme Court—Geo. C. Meyers.

Land Com.—E. H. Hall. Revenue Agent—Wirt Adams. Commissioner of Agriculture—H. E. Blakeslee.

Commissioner of Insurance—T. M. Henry. Auditor—Elias J. Smith.

Railroad Commissioners, Middle District—Jno. A. Webb. Northern District—W. R. Scott.

Southern District—F. M. Lee. Prison Trustees—Middle district—W. A. Montgomery.

Northern District—LeRoy T. Taylor. Southern District—C. C. Smith.

Owing to the small number of changes, the machinery of state has not even been jarred by the passage of one administration and the coming of another. There will be even a smaller number of changes than usual in clerical staffs.

All of the new officers have made their bonds as required by statute, and approval of same has been given by the governor.

State Treasurer Edwards, whose bond was reduced from \$250,000 to \$100,000 by the legislature, furnished personal sureties.

A majority of the new officers were sworn in by the clerk of the supreme court, but several took the trouble to climb the extra flight of stairs and had their oath administered by Chief Justice Whitfield or Associate Justices Calhoun and Mayes.

DEATH OF H. C. BENNING IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

Upon the night of Saturday, Jan. 18, at Battle Mountain Sanitarium, Hot Springs, S. D., all that was mortal of Howell C. Benning, passed away. A telegram announcing this fact was received by Mrs. Clem. W. Clark, his sister, on Sunday.

For a number of years Mr. Benning was an engineer upon the Southern railroad, running in and out of this city and was held in high esteem for his capacity and faithfulness to duty. After leaving the railroad service he cast his lot with the river men and there evidenced the same aptitude and knowledge and rendered an excellent account in the U. S. government service upon the fleet, then stationed at this point.

In the year 1908, when the town of war was founded between Spain and the United States he enlisted in the company from Greenville, which was assigned to the Mississippi quartermaster. While never having the pleasure of engaging in actual conflict with the enemy, he entered with

zeal and patriotism into all the preliminaries. During this time he contracted a severe cold, which finally developed into lung trouble. After returning to Greenville he once again renewed his steamboat work, and then accepted a position with his been a matter of quite a little joking by our people and The Times confesses to its share, but we have learned recently that it is not always the fault of the road that its trains are late. Mr. J. B. Williams at Trail Lake plantation, this county. In December, 1905, upon the advice of his physician, he left Greenville for a more congenial climate, and went to the state of Texas; from there to New Mexico, then to the soldiers' home at Santele, California.

In the month of November he was transferred to the government hospital in South Dakota, at which place he died. He was born in the state of Alabama, and was 48 years of age.

His relatives in this vicinity are Mrs. Clem W. Clark and Mrs. J. T. Atterbury, sisters, and Mr. J. B. Williams, cousin.

Amongst his close and congenial friends he was known as "Colonel," a sobriquet that was given him by the river boys. Howell C. Benning was brave as a lion, when the occasion called for the same; tender as a woman, when sympathy called out; and "true as steel" to his friends.

Scintillations of brilliant intellect, were at no time put forth, but he possessed attributes equally commensurate to the satisfaction of all that knew him.

Many of the "rough and ready," but true river boys will read of his demise with sincere regret and the writer only adds—

"I love the dead!
And well forget their little ill,
Eager to bask my memory still
In all their best of words and
deeds and ways and will."
—"DOCK."

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The lateness of trains arriving in Greenville over the Southern has delayed, and we are more than willing to correct any errors we have made concerning the road or any other matter.

It has frequently happened that the passenger train due to arrive here at 8 p. m., is from 15 to 30 minutes late. This is not the fault of the road. According to the ruling of the railroad commission of Mississippi, two trains, going north and south on the Yellow Dog branch of the Y. & M. V. railroad, and two on the Southern, going east and west, are compelled to meet at Moorehead. As a conductor on the Southern train said a few days ago, "we may buff the wind getting to Moorehead on time, but we are more than likely to have to wait there for one or the other of the Yellow Dog trains and, of course, that delays us in arriving in Greenville on schedule time," and this is exactly what happened. One day last week the 8 o'clock train was a few minutes late getting into Greenwood, which time was made up before arriving at Moorehead, but the train might just as well not tried to make up the time, for it had to wait at Moorehead for the south-bound Yellow Dog, and the Southern arrived in Greenville thirty minutes late.

What delays other trains, we are not informed, but we were offered a bet of 10 to 1 the other day by a Southern official that his trains were not as late as the Y. & M. V. trains in number or time. We do know of our own knowledge, however, why the night train is delayed, and cheerfully give the information, gained by experience, to our readers. So don't joke the Southern so much on account of its delayed trains. We think that the railroad commission should put a link in the Yellow Dog's tail and make it get a hump on itself for the benefit of the suffering traveling public.

OUR BUSINESS LEAGUE

Not a few of our citizens would like to know what the Greenville Business Men's League is doing, whether it is still in existence, and if it is, what is it accomplishing for the good of Greenville? The first month of the new year has nearly passed and our people would like to know what it proposes to do for "Greater Greenville" ere the year has closed.

In the last issues of the Greenwood weekly newspapers we see that the business league of that city is very much alive and active. It has a business office in the business district of the city, which has been fitted up complete in the most approved style with office furniture, long officer of the organization donating two roll top desks and desk chairs. The league of Greenville is a very wide awake body, and the citizens of that

town seem to take the keenest interest in its welfare and work.

Greenville is a larger and more important city than Greenwood, and its business league should take just as much interest, or more, in the city's advancement as the Greenwood organization. We do not know where the fault lies in our local league, but there is one thing certain, if our citizens take no interest in the work of advancing the city, the officers can not do all the work by themselves. It's a case of either non-interest on the part of our citizens, or on the part of the officers of the league, either one of which is disgraceful to a town the size of Greenville.

Let's get together, citizens, and support our business league. Get together, officers, and do something. A city of this size should have its business league offices in the heart of the business district, where a representative could be found at any time to transact any business. Some stranger, an investor, is likely to visit the city at any time unheralded, and when he asks for the business league president, or secretary, he could at once be conducted to the office where his wants could be made known at once and action taken in a very short time. As it is now, if he arrived, it would probably take an hour or so to find an officer who could give him the desired information.

Of course, if our citizens do not want the affairs of the league conducted along metropolitan lines, and do not care to take an interest in the work, nothing can be expected of the officers, and it is really up to our citizens as to what shall be accomplished for Greenville in 1908.

THE BOYERTOWN THEATRE DISASTER.

Probably no great disaster, or appalling loss of life, ever combined any more circumstances of horror than the burning of the crowded public hall in the little Pennsylvania town of Boyertown. A bare reading of it is sickening, and the most revolting feature of it all is that in the death list of 170, only one-tenth were males, nine-tenths were women and children. It was a terrible illustration of the love of life in times of panic and danger, rising above and crushing under cruel feet every sentiment of humanity, every principle of pride and honor. In such trial even good and brave men give way to the brute instinct of saure qui peut.—Vicksburg Herald.

It is to be hoped the members of the Virginia society when Adam Bede comes, will not string him.

Rev. Jere Knobe Cook might as well come in and surrender. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is on his trail.

The Natchez young lady who married the forecaster cannot say she never had any warning beforehand.

It is possible Augusta authorities do not know what to do with whiskey they receive—and nobody looking?

No, it was not a Greenville young lady who asked the Vicksburg gentleman if they used cat boats to chase water rats.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Then why isn't the waiting room at the Y. & M. V. depo given its annual cleaning?

It is to be hoped the contest for state senator can be carried on by Colonel Bunn and Colonel Head without any knocking.

The Savannah, Ga., man who shot at himself five times and missed, evidently wanted to be hit in the back and aimed it around the back.

One half of the tobacco raised in the United States is consumed in pipes. The other half it is presumed, goes into the more deadly stogie.

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